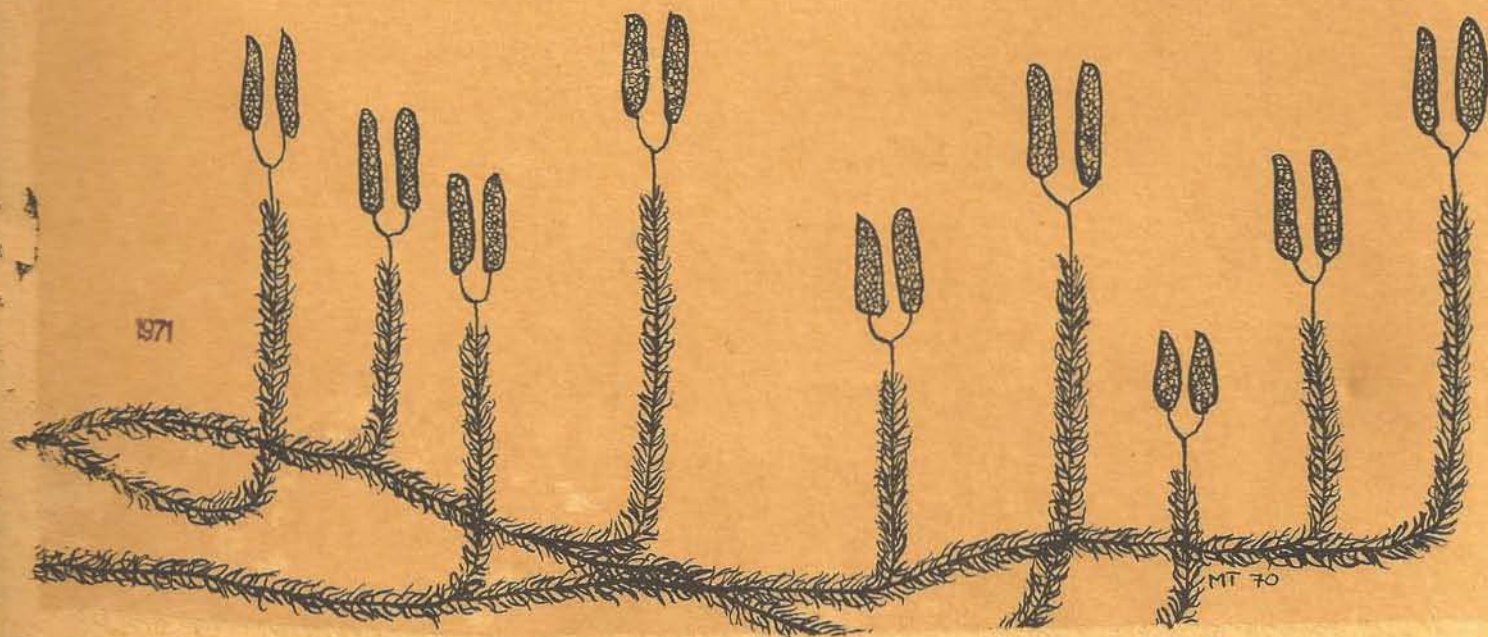


BASILISK 1970



Burrows Snelling

BASILISK 1970



James Monroe High School
Federicksburg, Virginia

CHILDHOOD



LOOK AT THE WORLD

*Look at the world through the eyes of a child;
You will see a world of golden sunshine,
Of tall, straight oak and Christmas pine,
And rainbow flowers that grow wild.*

*See the world through the eyes of a child;
A sky the color of bluebells,
A baby bird which never tells,
The secrets of the world of a child.*

PAGE 3

Sue Rexroat

1972

I KNEW SHE WAS THERE

Before I could see,
I knew she was there.
I could feel her-
 warm against my body.
I could feel her-
 gentle arms pressing me close.
I could smell her-
 wonderful odor of flowers.
I could hear her-
 soft voice quieting me.
When I could see,
I knew she was there.
I could see her-
 soft black hair surrounding her face.
I could see her-
 red mouth smiling at something funny.
I could see her-
 face glowing after a brisk run.
I could see her-
 blue eyes watching the child at play.
When I misunderstood,
I knew she was there.
I could understand her-
 stern voice telling what was wrong.
I could understand her-
 gentle voice telling what was right.
I could understand her-
 patient voice explaining matters of life.
When I understood,
I knew she was there.
I could love her-
 little things making life easier.
I could love her-
 gentle ways making life kinder.
I could love her-
 smiling eyes making life brighter.
I could love her-
 total love making me her child.

Wendy Carpenter
1970

I KNEW HE WAS THERE

Before I could see,
I knew he was there.
I could feel him-
 warm against my body.
I could feel him-
 strong arms grasping me tightly.
I could smell him-
 wonderful odor of pine and grass.
I could hear him-
 deep voice commanding me.
When I could see,
I knew he was there.
I could see him-
 thick brown hair surrounding his face.
I could see him-
 jolly mouth smiling at something funny.
I could see him-
 face glowing after hard work.
I could see him-
 proud eyes watching the child at work.
When I misunderstood,
I knew he was there.
I could understand him-
 stern voice telling what was wrong.
I could understand him-
 stern voice telling what was right.
I could understand him-
 firm voice bearing the hurt.
I could understand him-
 impatient voice explaining matters of life.
When I understood,
I knew he was there.
I could love him-
 little things making life easier.
I could love him-
 careful ways making life safer.
I could love him-
 jolly eyes making life brighter.
I could love him-
 total love making me his child.

Wendy Carpenter
1970

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

*'There was a child went forth,
And the first object his eyes fell upon he became.
For an hour, a minute, or a day, that object
He remained.'*

*In the Spring it's the flowers or the new green grass,
Or the freshly plowed field,
Or the young frogs in the pond.
He made himself all.*

*In the Summer it's the swimmer in the water so smooth,
Or the rider in the fresh open air,
Or the lazy dog in the sun.
He made himself all.*

*In the Autumn it's the falling leaves, for it's back to school again,
Or the dying grass,
Or the cooler nights.
He made himself all.*

*In the Winter it's the deep white snow,
Or the cold snappy wind,
Or the skater so graceful.
All of these became part of him as he became part of them.*

Harry Dickinson
1970

THERE WAS A BROOK IN THE MEADOW

*There was a brook in the meadow
that ran freely and gayly
and formed a smiling little pool
among the rocks and trees and honeysuckle;
where the coons and deer came to drink;
where the young innocent were welcome
to ask the questions of their times.
(There were fields and flowers
and games and time to laugh
at silly happy thoughts.)
There was a forest on the hill
that stood silently alone,
and the blackened burnt trees were sad
among the new green shoots of each newest spring;
where birds nested and raised their young;
where the older children were welcome
to seek the answers of their time.
(And the answers were found
but their time was no more.)*

Kathy Brumble
1970

I AWAKE TO MEMORIES

I awake to the blinding sunlight

Streaming through my bedroom window.

In the distance the rhythmic beat of the carpenters' hammers

Penetrate my groggy senses.

Memories flood my mind

And once again I am a small boy.

When carpenters' hammering awakened me

And the adventures of the morning lay ahead.

I run downstairs

To the smell of eggs on the stove

And eat a hardy breakfast.

To prepare me for my morning's journeys.

In the yard I am struck with the smell of honeysuckle on the fence

And the sound of chirping birds high above in the trees.

Suddenly I hear

The roar of a motor

I run

To a vacant lot

In time to see

The caterpillar yellow bulldozer

Spring into life.

It swiftly cuts a swath in the tall grass

Turning up the red clay as it goes.

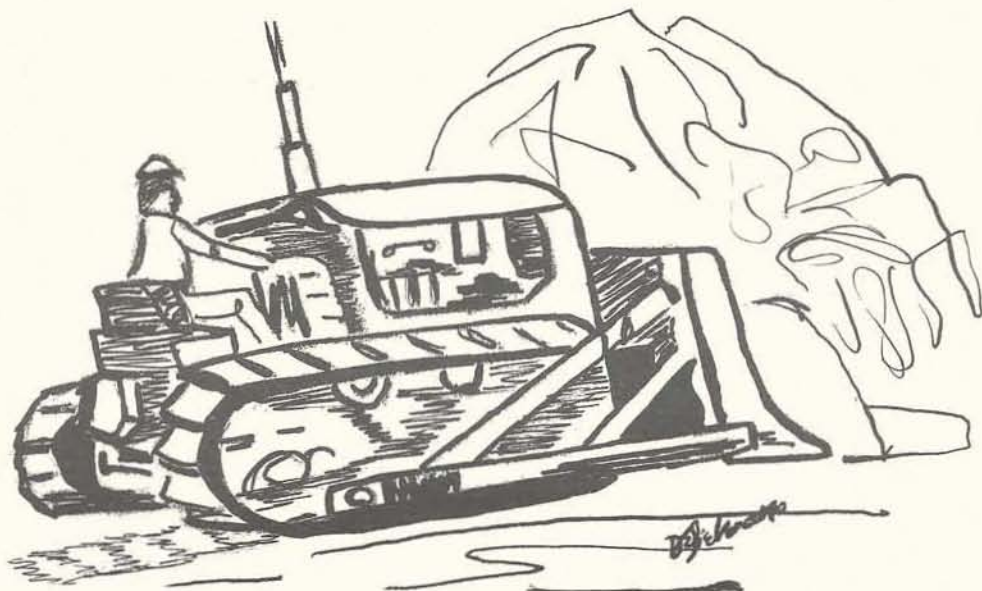
In a short time

A massive square of emptiness

Is centered in the field.

As quickly as it began
The yellow metal stops
Leaving only sounds of nothing—
Silent . . .
The fire engine red color of the driver's face
Disappears
As he drinks from a thermos bottle.
The silence is again broken
Suddenly!
By my mother's voice
Calling me for lunch.

Dan Liebenow
1970



SPOILED

The age of three came quickly;
The world so bright, so cheerful, so awake;
Buildings seemed so big, then
 as they plunged toward the sky;
Grown-ups so important, so sophisticated,
 so dictatorial.

But different were other children—
 joyful, playful, always friendly
Animals too: The dogs so wild;
 the cats so tame;
 the birds so frightened, yet singing;
 the fish so lost, yet always finding their way
Yet none are the same anymore.

THE ANT SEEMED NOT SO SMALL, THEN,
FOR I WAS NEAR HIS SIZE.

And my childhood;
When toys were important;
Friends so cherished;
Parents so loving — yet misunderstood;
Brothers and sisters so mean — yet so close;
My family — so different, so unrevealing,
 so materialistic.
And me — in my own world of fantasy and joy;
Spoiled ! !

Bob Biscoe
1970

EXPERIMENTAL

VERSE

LIFE IS LIKE A SWING
TO AND FRO
SWINGING
FIRST YOUNG THEN OLD
THEN YOUNG AT HEART AGAIN

Linda Bush
1970

SPLASH
SPRAY FLIES
WATER PARTS
PEOPLE DIVING
RIPPLES COVER SEA
RIPPLES SUBSIDE
THEY SURFACE
THEY LEAVE
CALM

Ron Payne
1971

Just as happy as I can be until
 you drop at seven o'clock
 and if you heard it, you've cracked
 your head. But if I say I rhyme with Murtle,

PAGE 11

YOU AND YOUR BEING

CRISP LIFTING WATER STUMBLES OVER THE BULGING OF STONES
AS IT WENDERS AND RIPPLES AROUND THE BENDS OF THE BANKS

THE SOIL MADE UP OF
LEAVES AND TWIGS AND
MOSSES AND FERNS
PACKED DOWN
FROM YEARS BEFORE

A WIDE STRETCH OF BARK WITH A HOLLOW
JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF YOUR BACK

A KNOT^{LE} AND KNAR^E UNCOVERED ⁸⁰¹
SLUNG LOW OVER THE CREEK PLUNGING DOWN

AS IF CHALLENGING THE LIVELY GREEK

DARING IT TO RISE UP TO MEET IT

JUST THE PLACE TO DIP YOUR TOES

THE MUSIC - THE TINKLING OF THE WATER AS IT FALLS DOWN THE STREAM
LIKE THE SOUND OF C H C H C H C H MIXED WITH THE SINGING OF THE BIRDS

SOFT
AND
SWEET

C H C H C H C H
I M E S I M E S I M E S I M E S

TALL

GUARDIANS LEAN AROUND - TOWERING AND
STRETCHING

KEEPING



Ruthan O'Toole
1973

Becky Klein
1973

HEY MA

Hey ma the boy shouted

I've just enlisted in the army
Oh my poor baby his mother cried
But ma won't you be proud when I come a hero
But darling do you have to go
I've gotta we leave next week
The boy longed to leave his mother gave him advice
I'll be good he kissed her on the forehead
I'll pray for you my son she says with anguish

Dontyouworry	wellbehomeforchristmas	thiswarwillbeonlyonebattle
He	left	
She	cried	

She ^{Hegreatwithanticipation} obsessed with worry
TIME went slow ly forthemother

The boy excited when he hear they will fight tomorrow
He has trouble but he finally goes sleeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Thenextdayherushedtogethistingstogether
His mother sweeps the porch

The boy is ordered to the battlefield he jumps excitedly to see what's happening
his Mother prays again

[illegible]

She washes clothes

Hehearsanoise	Heturns	ariflebarks	hefeelsthebullet
Hescreams		He f a	

He f a
l l
s

She yells OhmyGOD and faints.

Bruce Fisher
1971

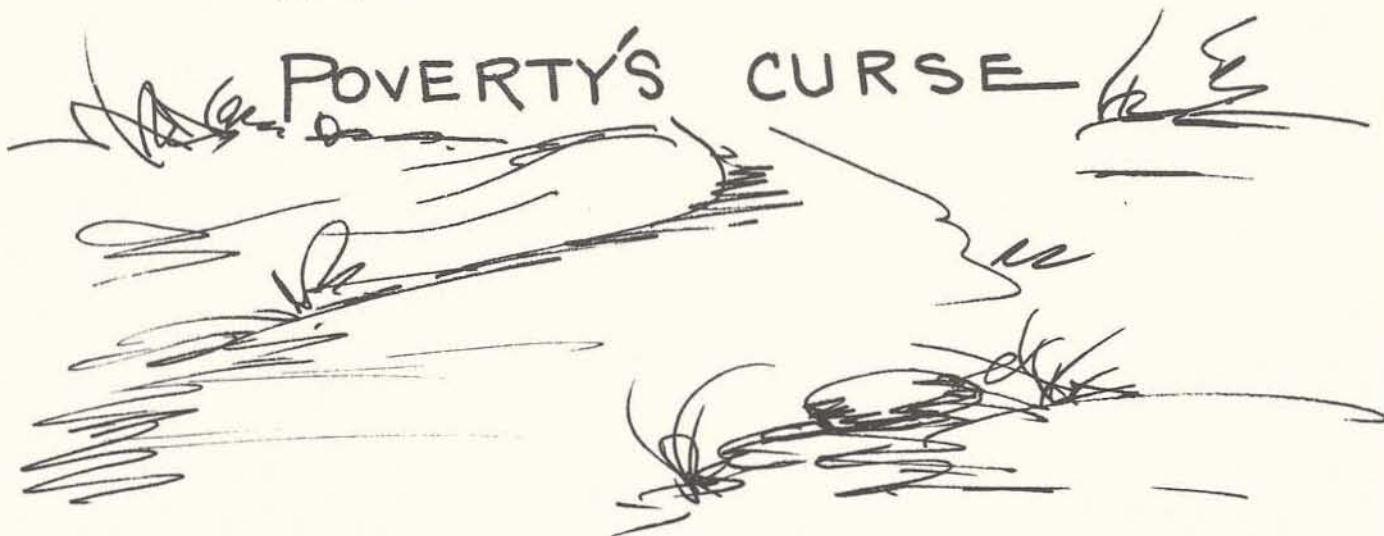
POVERTY IS A ONE ROOM
HOUSE

EAT

SLEEP

LIVE

DIE



POVERTY'S CURSE

Sherry Sprow
1971

TO FREEDOM

al (to
live a
lone)
ways (to
travel
with)
lo (yo
ur
heart)
ne(the
wan
der)
ly (er
nev
er) bu (lo
ves)
t (but
th)
f (e
ro)
re(ad
he tra)
e (vels
to freedom)

Bonita Mills
1971

clouds clouds clouds
clouds clouds clouds

sun sun

sun

Sun Sun

! ! ! DAWN BREAKS ! ! !
 sun sun
 sun
 sun sun
 silver mountains silver mountains silver mountains silver mountains
 silver mountains silver mountains
 purple hills purple hills
 purple hills purple hills
 slippery meadows slippery meadows slippery meadows

PATCH OF FARG

POND POND POND POND
 WAWA REFLECTIONS
 POND POND POND POND

CATTAIL
POND
POND

[illegible]
$$C^L O$$

CL
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R

LOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW
FLOW

Leaves^m stem^e
Leaves stem^m

PATCH FOR SARG

[illegible]

PATCHES OF GRASS

worm worm worm

Fern Williams
1972

LONELINESS



LONELINESS

Long, dark streets
Of closed houses
And unknown alleys
Of empty-eyed rats.

A dead generation.
One surviving man
And frightened animals.
No one to talk to.

One man.
All loneliness.

Dennis Simpson
1971

PARABLE

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was interested in nearly everything — but especially in wolves. She spent a great deal of time thinking about them, and about the difference between wolves and big, black shaggy dogs. She read about them, asked about them, talked and wrote to people who ought to know about them, and was just generally curious.

There were a couple of times when this little girl thought she had seen a wolf, but it had been in a shadow, or too far away, or too near for her to be really sure. However, those times were few, and all but two or three she later found out were only black, shaggy dogs (she may never know about the others). She had never been sure that she had seen one — but she wanted to be ready.

The little girl imagined everything about the wolf — how it would look and sound and feel (if she were lucky enough to get that near to it) and what it would think when it saw her — everything. But she eventually grew to resent the fact that other people had seen (perhaps even tamed) any number of wolves, and were perfectly sure that they had been wolves and nothing else. The little girl wondered how they could be so certain about it, and it angered her that many people did see black shaggy dogs, and bragged about it having been a wolf — when she knew better. But these people wanted to believe that they had seen a wolf, and the little girl learned — through experience — that no amount of persuasion, however eloquent, could cause them to change their minds. She really wanted to see one for herself. Sometimes she would tell herself that she really didn't care, but it was no good. She occasionally became worried about the fact that she had never seen a wolf, but usually someone would come along and say they hadn't either, and she didn't worry so much for a while.

A few times the little girl heard or read someone's theories about the whole business of wolves and black, shaggy dogs, and she always believed everything (at least temporarily), and became terribly confused and depressed. But she always ended up just sighing and resigning herself to waiting for a real wolf.

Then, one day when the little girl wasn't even thinking about wolves, she thought she saw one — but there was no way to be sure. She found out where his den was, and knew that she could go to make certain whenever she felt like it. But she hesitated. What if it turned out to be a black, shaggy dog after all (she was relatively sure it wasn't, though)? She thought about it, and admitted to herself that maybe she was afraid of seeing one — afraid of what she might do — afraid of what the wolf might do — afraid of she didn't know what . . . but afraid. Although she realized that if she waited too long, the wolf might leave — move away to be seen by someone else — she felt vaguely secure in the knowledge that it was there, and she could go check at almost any time.

Yet the little girl couldn't quite bring herself to go — to make sure that it had been a wolf and not a black, shaggy dog. But she still wonders about it — and she's still thinking about going to the den and checking one of these days soon. Meanwhile, everyone else talks of the wolves they've seen — or that they haven't and don't give a damn — and the little girl just sits and listens and wonders. Maybe one of these days she'll find out.

Lisa Rossbacher
1971

Lisa A. Rossbacher
'71

I ALWAYS THOUGHT

I always thought that love was meant to grow in
the summer and to be warmed by the sun
and strengthened and cleansed by the gentle showers.
It seems as if the summer parched our love
and made it's source dry and crack.
And the rains carried tiny bits away in sudden tiny rivers
until there was nothing left — — or nearly
nothing.
In that easy softness after that last rain,
wasn't it odd how ugly the naked nothingness appeared.
Wasn't it odd how easily we turned and
parted.

Kathy Brumble

1970

THE WORLD AROUND ME

I SIT
NOT KNOWING
OR UNDERSTANDING
THE WORLD AROUND ME.
THERE IS SO MUCH
YET I KNOW SO LITTLE.
I SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE
AND FIND
FEAR.
I CRY
FOR ME
NOT SEEING
THE TEARS OF THE WORLD
SO MANY FEEL PAIN,
YET I DON'T LISTEN
OR HEAR. INSTEAD
I FEEL
FOR ME.
I WANT.
NOT CARING
ABOUT THE NEEDS
OF MY BROTHERS.
THEY HAVE SO LITTLE
AND I HAVE SO MUCH MORE.
YET I THINK OF ME.
NOT THINKING
TO SHARE.
BUT SLOWLY,
I LEARN
TO CARE,
AND TO FEEL
THE PAIN OF OTHERS.
THEN, I GROW
AND REACH
AND UNDERSTAND
THE WORLD AROUND ME.

Denise Dunn
1970

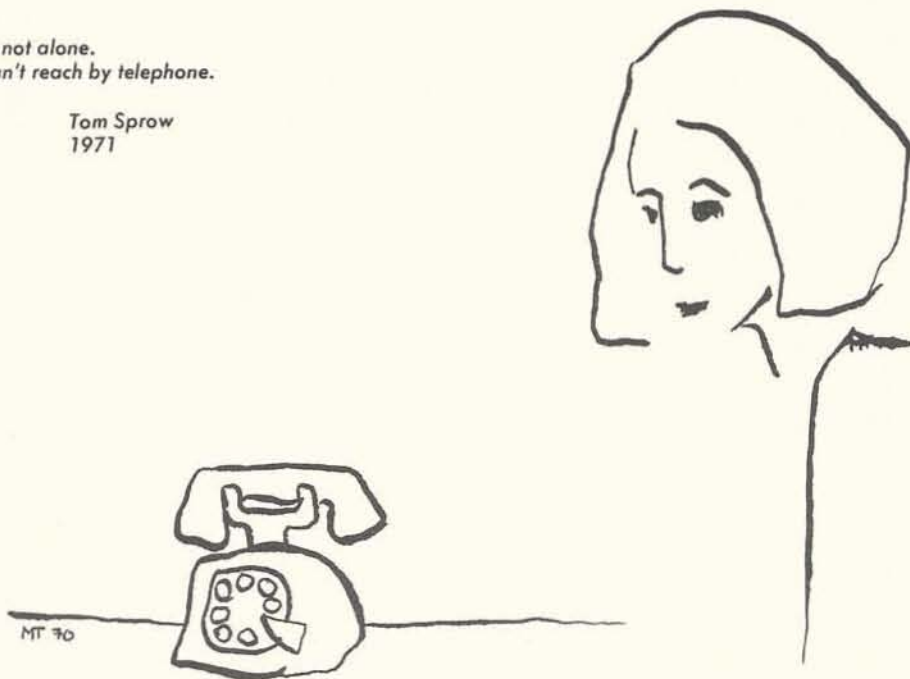
on the assumption of solitary possession

In the attic of my mind
 (for, yes, I have one too,
 yet not quite at all like yours)
I keep the old torn fragments
 of bright muted gaudy sad
 gay but familiar garments
and because I once wore them
 they will always be mine
 I couldn't bear to part with them
yet I cannot bear to own them any longer
 for to look at them
 is to remember
and once upon a day to come
 (and probably not too long to wait for,
 in case you become curious)
as you stumble into the darker corners
 of my attic where the beams
 were built thankfully low
and the cobwebs grow gratefully formidable
 over places I have watchfully
 lovingly kept undusted
you may discover a long unopened chest
 of treasures you suppose
 and break the rusted catch
of protective peaceful time
 to draw unmended fragments
 to the same uncompromising light
and I will blink and disown them all
 and draw you to still brighter spots
 and your interest away
and you may forget of the old
 tattered gowns I wore with
 nameless placeless faceless other people
or you may wonder momentarily what
 I could be doing with
 these shapeless things
but I forgive you if only
 you are cautious not to take one
 to face me at an unsuspecting later
for I realize that your attic holds
 fragments of your future
 only the novel and evergreen
you choose to leave when you last cleaned
 because they remain new
 and useful and good stories
while my attic contains but
 promises of the past
 which I cannot clear away
but am content to let remain
 in comfortable secluded background
 and partitioned from the now
and as long as you do not possess them
 or inspect them
 or remind me of them - stay -
for one day this costume I wear here
 will govern the shadiest depth of yet
 or I must wear it forever.

Lisa Rossbacher
1971

UNTITLED
I'm lonely but I am not alone.
There is no one I can't reach by telephone.

Tom Sprow
1971



A MA SOEUR

Il y a longtemps que tu est partie;
Et maintenant je pense aux jours passés;
Quand il y avait des jeux et de beaux sourires;
Et je me demande pourquoi ils ont laissé.

Peut-être demain va apporter le bonheur;
Ou ma vie ne sera pas douloureuse;
Peut-être le joie va remplacer les peines dans mon coeur;
Et je pourrai vivre avec les pensées lumineuses.

Je suis sûr que ça prendrai des heures;
Jusqu'a ce qu'on puisse sauter dans nos champs de joie;
Et j'attends le jour où nous serons heureux;
Mais jusqu'a ce temps -
Je demeure, je demeure, mais
je demeure sans toi.

Bob Biscoe
1970

I HEAR THE ECHO

May 5, 1969

Dear Sir:

We regret to inform you that your son, Private First Class Richard Harrison Dibbs, will not be coming home. He was one of those recently killed in action on Hill 289, fourteen miles south of the Demilitarized Zone. He died bravely.

Sincerely yours,

The President of the United States

I read the letter and I remembered. I heard the sounds of days gone by; when my son and I would walk and talk, when we would fly a kite, play with a toy train or go downtown for an ice cream cone.

As I grew older, he grew taller, stronger, and much more handsome.

I can still remember him coming to me and saying, "Dad, I have a date tomorrow." It was his first, he was fourteen then; and the morning after, his coming down very excited, "Gee thanks for the new jacket, just what I needed for my date."

Yes, I can still remember. He was sixteen, when he came home from school late proudly saying, "Look what I have." He had earned his driver's license. Within the next year he had gotten his pilot's license, as part-time job and accepted to college. He was seventeen and on his birthday I saw the glow in his eyes when I presented him with a set of keys to a second-hand car.

A year and half later while he was home from college he told me that he had been drafted. He wanted to go. He said that he felt that this was a great country and if he wanted to stay it was his duty to serve and fight, even die for the freedom he enjoyed.

I said, "Son it will be hard, you will be away from Mary, your family, your friends; but it is a good thing to do."

I hear the echo saying, "I Am Doing What Is Right, I'll be back soon."

But now I walk in the park by myself and the ECHO is heard, "We regret to inform you....."

Burrous Snellings
1970

LONELY OR ALONE

You had death in your family,
Now your relatives are around.
But you can't seem to get your spirits
To raise above the ground.
Are you lonely or alone?

It's a hot summer day.
Your friends are gone to camp.
No one's there to have fun with
So you go and take a nap.
Are you lonely or alone?

You have all the luxuries in the world.
Your parents are as nice as can be,
But you're cut off from the outside world.
You're wealthy but far from free.
Are you lonely or alone?

Tommy Sprow
1971

LONELINESS

I feel wonderful, alive, and free.
A whole new world has opened to me.

I'm out in this big, wide world alone.
I've got my freedom; I've left home.

I've left that old woman I used to love.
I'm out in the world I've been dreaming of.

I used to love home and the happiness we had,
But Mom's grown harsh since we lost Dad.

She grew old and mean before her time;
She said the fault was completely mine.

She said I should leave and go into the city;
That I live my own life and show her no pity.

I got tired of her scorning day in and day out.
I had to be free; I had to get out.

So in the night when the house was still,
I crawled across the window sill.

And entered a new world that welcomed me;
But I'm alone and will always be.



PAGE 24



How awful this loneliness can be;
How strange it all seems to me.

Maybe Mom will feel the loneliness, too.
I should try to see it from her point of view.

Mom needs me now more than ever.
Perhaps now I realize, we should stay together.

She's alone now and she'll die alone.
I can almost hear her calling me home.

So I turned my back on the world and its charms.
I knew she'd welcome me with open arms.

I found my mother sitting by the window;
She didn't turn to welcome me in though.

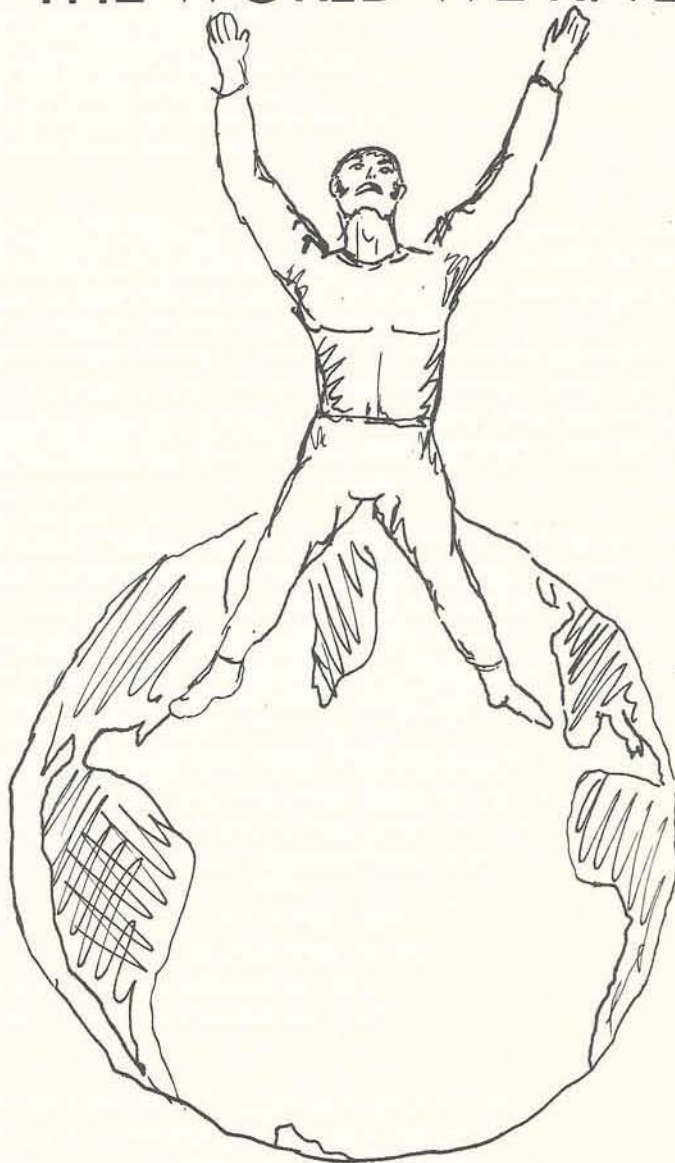
Although her expression was cold and bleak;
I discovered a tear resting on her cheek.

Her eyes were open wide in a steady stare,
But a look of final relief was there.

I reached out to touch the body of stone.
How awful to have died of being alone!

Carmen Johnson
1971

THE WORLD WE KNOW



PURPOSE

THE SMALLNESS OF AN ATOM,
THE WIDENESS OF THE SKY,
THE SEA OF MANY FATHOMS;
DO YOU WONDER WHY?

ALL THINGS HAVE A PURPOSE.
ALL OF LIFE HAS ITS PLACE.
GOD PUT THE EARTH BEFORE US,
AND LIT THE STARS IN SPACE.

THE GHETTO IN ITS POORNESS,
OR THE MANSION RICH AND FINE;
ALL PROBLEMS LEAVE US WORDLESS.
THE SUN CEASES TO SHINE.

ALL THINGS HAVE A PURPOSE.
ALL OF LIFE HAS ITS PLACE.
GOD PUT THE WORLD BEFORE US,
AND LIT THE STARS IN SPACE.

WHEN LIFE SEEMS HOPELESS,
AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN,
GO TO GOD IN HUMBLENESS
FOR IN HIM YOU'LL LEARN.

SUE REXROAT
1972

DEAR JOY

December 1, 1969

Dear Joy,

It is with much regret that I must write this letter. I'm sure it will be no great shock to you that I have finally decided to take my leave. I hope this letter is satisfactory in explaining to you the reasons for my departure.

Firstly, Joy, you are not dependable enough. You just can't seem to decide what you want out of life or even what life really is for you. One day you feel one way about an issue and the next day you feel a different way entirely. Now that way of life may be all right for you, but it does not offer enough security for me.

Secondly, you are not conventional. Sometimes you just refuse to be like other people. You get these crazy ideas about social injustice, false standards, and bigoted people, just to name a few. You dare to question such set standards as God and country. Don't you realize that these are things that people have lived by since time began? Society will not tolerate such obstinacy and peculiar notions, and neither will I!

You are too highly susceptible to depression. Not only do you insist on knowing about things that are going on around you, but you let them get to you. Most of the time, however, you get depressed about little, insignificant things. You are far too sensitive, and it's more than I can stand!

Lastly, you are not always your true self. You find it too difficult to relate to other people. Too often you allow that lack of self-confidence, pride, and frustration to prevent you from getting too close to anyone on the outside. Perhaps if you were stripped down to your bare personality, you would be easier to live with.

I want you to know that this has not been a hasty decision. I have deliberated over this decision for many months. Neither am I acting blindly. I realize I will receive criticism from those who feel I should stay with you, no matter what.

I sincerely hope that there will be no hard feelings between us. Basically, I think you are a pretty nice person. It is such a shame because together we could have had great possibilities. But, unfortunately, it was either leave or spend all of my time worrying about you.

With best wishes,

Your Mind.

P.S. I hope you will have a pleasant rest in your new home.

Joy Hartnell
1970

MISS CLAIROL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden with hair color natural lived
By the name of Miss Clairol Lee;
And I lived in those days with no other thought
than: Does she or doesn't she?

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea.
And all of the children were dying their hair—
But what of Miss Clairol Lee?
And I wondered as she stroked my purple-green locks.
Does she or doesn't she?

But then one day a hairdresser came
To our kingdom by the sea;
And he marveled at the beautiful silky strands
Of my own Miss Clairol Lee.
And I said to him, "Please, Mr. Hairdresser, Sir—
Does she or doesn't she?"

Then he was gone and she was gone
From our kingdom by the sea.
And one day I heard that the angels above
Had taken my Miss Clairol Lee.
And now, only God and that hairdresser know—
Did she or didn't she?

~~THE ROSSBACHER~~
~~1971~~

THAT'S LIFE

Please don't leave me, Mommie-
I'll be so afraid.
Please give me my dolly-
I need her to play.
Please leave the light on-
I don't like the dark.
Please don't take me Daddy-
I don't want to go to school.
Please let me learn more-
I have to do my best.
Please don't love me someone-
I'll miss you when you're gone.
Please be true my husband-
I need you by my side.
Please take care my children-
I want you safe with me.
Please don't forget me children-
I'm so lonely-now you're gone.
Please leave the light on-
I'm afraid to die . . .

Billie Graves
1971

THE LEAVES FALL

*The leaves fall,
Blown off course by the wind,
Falling, Slowly,
Descending more crookedly in the wind.
Finally they land,
Laying brown and battered, still faintly scattering.
The wind stops.
The leaves are still, dead from the disappointing journey
In the wake of the wind.
They are left to rot, those above them vowing faithfully
To escape the breeze.
But they, too, fall.
How like we are*

**Carmen Johnson
1971**

ESCAPE

Just after dusk the search-lights flash on lighting up the wall as though it were broad daylight.

Tonight, in the shadow of a nearby building, three, almost invisible figures crowd. They are waiting for the right moment to begin the dash across the most dangerous fifteen yards of their journey. The search-light sweeps past. Now! Now or never! Two run but the third hesitates for a moment. Over the trench and under the barbed wire they go. Ten feet to the wall. Five feet to the wall. Three feet to the wall. Up goes a rope ladder to scale the wall. Suddenly the area is bathed in yellow light. The silence is broken by machine gun fire. Three bodies lie at the foot of the wall like discarded broken dolls. Then there is silence.

The search-lights quietly move away. Darkness once again returns bringing peacefulness with it.

**John Williams
1970**

I RAN THROUGH THE MEADOW

I ran through the meadow and crossed
the small wooden bridge
under which the creek bubbled
merrily over the stones in its bed.
Once, near the wood
edging the meadow,
a flash of wings
from a startled bird
caught my attention
but only for a moment.
Then
I saw my goal
she laughed, ran
down the hill, fell
rolling in the grass.
I came on—tripped
and sprawled—
face down
ending my journey
in the grass.
She laughed
again
Teeth sparkling in the sun
eyes joyfully dancing
over the meadow
and me.
Like a gem she was
like a blossom
of the meadow.
Up from the grass
she ran again
toward the bridge,
however
I reached
her first and we slowly walked
home.

Perry Hodge
1972



ELECTIONS

i vote for a man	i'll never know
to handle money	i'll never see
to govern people	i'll never meet
to rule land	i'll never walk
to say words	i'll never hear
to command the future	that will never come and you tell me
to get involved?	

Lisa Rossbacher
1971

IF TOMORROW

*If tomorrow
I should reach out to you
could you be my friend?
Would you take this hand
that stretches out in faith
asking only that you care?
Then, with you will I share
this heart, this hope.
But first, dear friend,
you must know enough
to take this hand
that reaches out for love.*

Kathy Brumble
1970

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

*The world is full of busy people,
Running to and fro,
Running, running, with no place to go.
Each different in his own way,
Hoping to make it through the day,
Some are lucky and some succeed.
As for the rest, they lie and bleed.*

Karen Marders
1972

OPEN THE DOOR

Brenda opened her eyes.

She looked at the cracks in the ceiling; they were the same. The color was the same. The room was the same. The empty bottle lay carelessly overturned on the table beside the bed--the same bottle. Everything was the same.

"Damn," was her first thought. "Damn, I can't do anything right." How could this be happening? Why was she still there? How could everything be the same? How could she be awake? Why was she still alive?

"I can't be."

No. She couldn't be alive. She had taken those pills--willingly, deliberately, gratefully. She had taken them. She was dead: Dead. She had to be.

Brenda sat up.

She reached for the bottle, her fingertips barely reaching it, but just enough to send it splattering into a hundred pieces on the hard, bare, cold floor.

Brenda screamed.

Maybe this was only a dream or just a horrible part of dying. Maybe this was punishment for taking her own life--this sadistic trip to this room. This room was the one thing she really didn't want to see.

Yes, Brenda had to be dead.

She looked around her room. She moved to get out of bed, hardly convinced that she was really moving at all. She was assured, though, as piercing pain told her she has stupidly stepped on the broken glass beside the bed.

Blood streamed; tears streamed, because Brenda was hurt, because Brenda was awake, because Brenda was alive.

Through the tears she realized that she would have to go through with it all over again. But what had she done wrong--taken the wrong pills? Taken too few pills?

She looked around her room again. She used to like this room. This room was her protection. This was where she hid. But she had finally gotten tired of hiding.

Brenda had wanted to die to escape the world outside and its past.

She thought. She had been given a second chance. She had a second chance to live. But she couldn't face it alone again--in this room.

Brenda looked around her room again. It suddenly seemed ugly. This room had been a prison; it kept her always alone, always afraid. She couldn't live here. She had never lived here. She had to get out.

"I want to get out," she murmured slowly. "I have to get out."

Without looking back, Brenda limped determinedly to the door. She slowly grasped the door knob. The door opened. Involuntarily, she glanced over her shoulder at the ugliness she knew she had to escape. She hadn't really lived in this room, but she was alive now.

The door stood open now. Brenda turned toward the world she had to face. But there was nothing there--only darkness. There was nothing anywhere but that little room.

The door closed.

Brenda was dead.

Carmen Johnson
1971



MES SENTIMENTS

*La neige qui tombe pendant la nuit,
Me donne inspiration pour ma vie.
Le vent qui s'envole à toute vitesse,
Me frappe comme la vitesse de ma jeunesse.*

*Le soleil levé de la matinée,
M'entour d'un sentiment élané.
Les ronflements des orages se melent,
Comme les émotions de mon coeur qui m'harcelent.*

*Et les oiseaux qui montent dans le ciel,
Me laissent un sens d'une vie éternelle.
Et je me souviens de mon enfance,
Et me demande de la merveille de la naissance.*

Bob Biscoe
1970

MY FEELINGS

*The snow which falls during the night,
Gives me an inspiration to live.
The wind passing swiftly,
Shocks me like the swiftness of my youth.*

*The sunrise of early morning,
Surrounds me with painful feelings.
The rumblings of a storm mix together,
Like the emotions in my heart which torment me.*

*And birds who climb in the sky above,
Leave me with the feeling of eternal life.
And I remember my childhood,
And I wonder at the marvel of birth.*

AS MY YOUNG HEART

*As my young heart
knew it must try
to love you all its life;
so birds know to fly.*

*But the little bird
knows not that he may fall
when he first leaves the nest;
so was my knowledge small.*

Kathy Brumble
1970

HELLO, JOE AMERICA

Hello, Joe America.
How are you today?
I hear you live for country now
In each little way.
You've lost all your hair, I see.
You can't have a beard.
And you sure do look strange to me
In that gray suit you wear.

So you met Uncle Sam last night
Behind a big bowl,
And you knelt to his feet on sight,
And you pledged him your soul.
You were stripped of your clothes.
You were thrown to your knees
Hoping your loyalty to show
You said, won't you kill me, please?

You're true U.S.A., Joe.
How I pity you
Blindly to follow
That red, white, and blue.
But know I can't hate you.
It's not really your fault.
It's merely a matter
Of what you've been taught.

They said to fear Commies.
Hate Hitler, they cried.
But, Joe, it's of the free
That I'm terrified.

Joy Hartnell
1970

UNTITLED

It was a small battle;
We suffered only light casualties-
21 dead.
Their deaths affect only a few:
42 parents
and
21 wives
or girlfriends
and
42 children
and
21 sisters
or brothers
and
631 friends.
Their deaths affect only a few;
only 757.
It was a small battle;
We suffered only light casualties;
We won the battle,
Or did we ?

Jackie Hollister
1970

'LEE'

The black limousine slowly rounds the corner. Two figures sit stately in the back seat. A shot rings out, and then another, and another. One of the figure jerks violently then slumps out of sight. The cars rush off.

"Lee, honey. Do you hear me? Wake up, it's time to go to work. Wake up Lee, wake up. You're going to be late if you don't get up now. If you're late today, they might fire you, oh Lee, please get up."

Lee begins to wake out of his deep sleep.

"Huh, what the.....? Oh, yeah, I'm sorry. I must have dozed off for awhile. I'm up."

"I'm sorry, but you just have to go, we need the money so badly. By the way, would you pick up a loaf of bread on your way home from work this evening?"

"Sure, honey."

"Don't forget it, alright?"

"Promise, where's my package, the brown one. You know."

"In the corner where you put it."

Lee glances to the corner where he sees a long slender brown package.

"Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. I'm not awake yet. I see it."

"You'd better wake up before you get to work."

"I will, boy, was I having a wild dream."

"Really? What was it about?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing. It must have been important or you wouldn't have dreamed about it."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I never thought about it that way."

"What was it about then?"

"Never mind, I'll tell you later."

"How later?"

"Later. What's today?"

"The twenty-second, November twenty-second."

"I've got to run now!"

"Bye!"

"Oh, I won't forget the bread."

Package under arm, Lee makes his way to work. He arrives at the Book Conservatory and takes an elevator to his floor.

"Lee, how you doing?"

"Fine, how's everyone at your house?"

"Swell, tomorrow is Angie's birthday. She'll be three."

"That's just great, Frank."

Frank, in his middle thirties, had been friends with Lee ever since Lee began working in the Conservatory.

"What's the big hurry, Lee?"

"Got to rush. I'll see you later."

"O.K. See you later, Lee."

Lee begins to walk off.

"Oh, Lee, are you going to watch today?"

"Watch what? Oh, yeah, that!"

"Yeah, that!"

"You bet I am, I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Moments later, Lee positions himself by a window overlooking the plaza. A motorcade rounds the corner just as Lee pulls his rifle from the brown wrappings which conceal it. He sites in on a figure in the third car. He squeezes the trigger and pulls back the bolt, repeating this action twice more. The figure jerks violently and slumps into the lap of the second figure. The cars pass into the cover of the underpass. Lee hides the rifle and rushes downstairs.

"Lee," cries Frank, "someone shot the President. Someone shot President Kennedy."

"Yes, Frank, I saw it."

Lee Harvey Oswald walks out into the dazed crowds.

John Williams
70
John Williams
1970

FATAL HYPOCHONDRIA

I lay there on my deathbed
Staring pitifully at the ceiling,
Gradually becoming lifeless,
Slowly losing awareness of feeling.

I began to surrender my life,
To give up all to death.
I began to hope for its nearness,
To dread the effort of another breath.

I felt the struggle was useless,
For what was life to me?
I thought perhaps I wasn't meant
To be what I wanted to be.

So willingly I closed my eyes
And felt the presence of death as it lurked.
Then suddenly a scream awakened me,
"George! Will you get up and go to work!!!"

Carmen Johnson
1971

HAIKU

A low hidden nest
softly, the little birds chirp
a cheerful short tune.

Mary Janis
1972

THE WIND

Wind-soft, wispy, and clean
silently passes through the trees
with one message to all.

Betsy Jones
1971

THE LARGE DEER RAN

The large deer ran.
Through the wide open fields
To jump, float and land.

Sid Hite
1973

WHEN YOU HEAR THE ECHO

When you hear the windy echo
hasten to the mountains, be on time
before nightfall.

Marjukka Toivonen
1970

Kun Kuulet Tuulisen Kaiun
Kiiruhda Vuorille, Ehdä
Ennen Yötä

THE HORSE

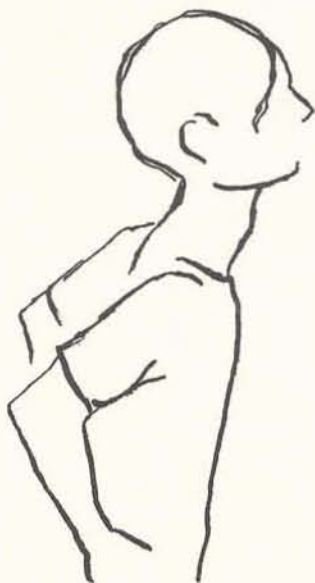
A horse in the sky
All white with a fluffy mane.
He has blown away.

Eric Earnhardt
1972

HAIKU

Finally the mouse
has entered his winter nest;
how long will he stay?

Susie Rogers
1972



GOD AND MAN

There they stood
An open field between them,
Waiting for the signal to charge.
Each waiting for the other to make
a move—

Each hoping the other would.
And later, each hoping for a
proclamation of surrender
from the other.

Here-one sinner stood-waiting.
Waiting to hear God's voice.
God stood also-waiting for one
small prayer.

Each hoping the other would make
the move.

God knew how short life is.
Two armies-one field.
God and man-eternity.

Ellen Graube
1971

MT 70

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